*Sir Iohn.* Ieſus preſerue your Maieſty.

*Elnor.* My Maieſty: why man, I am but Grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God, and *Hums* aduice,
Your Graces ſtate ſhall be aduanc'd ere long.

*Elnor.* What, haſt thou conferr'd with *Margery Iourdain*, the cunning witch of *Rye*, with *Roger Bullenbrooke* and the reſt? and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madam, and they haue promiſed me to raiſe a ſpirit from depth of vnder ground, that ſhall tell your Grace all queſtions you demand.

*Elnor.* Thankes good ſir *Iohn*.
Some two dayes hence I geſſe will fit our time,
Then ſee that they be heere:
For now the King is riding to Saint *Albones*,
And all the Dukes and Earles along with him.
When they be gone, then ſafely may they come,
And on the backe ſide of my Orchard heere,
There caſt their Spelles in ſilence of the night,
And ſo reſolue vs of the thing we wiſh;
Till when, drinke that for my ſake, and ſo farewell.

*Exit Elanor.*

*Sir Iohn.* Now ſir *Iohn Hum*, No words but mum.
Seale vp your lips, for you muſt ſilent be:
Theſe gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.
The Dutcheſſe ſhe thinkes now that all is well,
But I haue Gold comes from another place,
From one that hyred me to ſet her on,
To plot theſe treaſons gainſt the King and Peeres;
And that is the mighty Duke of Suffolke.
For he it is, but I muſt not ſay ſo,
That by my meanes muſt worke the Dutcheſſe fall,
Who now by Coniurations thinkes to riſe.
But whiſt ſir *Iohn*, no more of that I tro,
For feare you loſe your head before you go. *Exit*

*Enter two Petitioners, and Peter the Armourers man.*

1. *Petit.* Come ſirs lets linger here abouts a while,
Vntill



Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,
That we may ſhew his Grace our ſeuerall cauſes.

2. *Petit.* I pray God ſaue the Good Duke *Humfries* life,
For but for him a many were vndone,
That cannot get no ſuccour in the Court.
But ſee where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of Suffolke with the Queene, and they take him for Duke Humfrey, and giues him their writings.*

1. *Petit.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellows, whom would you ſpeak withal?

2. *Petit.* If it pleaſe your Maieſtie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

*Qu.* Are your ſuites to his Grace? Let vs ſee them firſt,
Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suffolke.* A Complaint againſt the Cardinals man.
What hath he done?

2. *Petit.* Marry my Lord, he hath ſtole away my wife,
And th'are gone together, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suff.* Hath he ſtole thy wife? that's ſome iniury indeede.
But what ſay you?

*Peter Thumpe.* Marry ſir I come to tell you, that my Mayſter ſaide, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire to the Crown, and that the King was an vſurer.

*Queene.* An vſurper thou wouldſt ſay.

*Peter.* I forſooth, an vſurper.

*Queene.* Didſt thou ſay the King was an vſurper?

*Peter.* No forſooth, I ſaide my maiſter ſaide ſo, th'other day when wee were ſcowring the Duke of Yorkes armour in our Garret.

*Suf.* I marry, this is ſomething like,
Who's within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra, take in this fellow, and keepe him cloſe,



And

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